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In the late afternoon, after 36 hours of rather intense activity (the NEWS, historical preservation, city palatium), I decided that the time had come for some rest. I took to my sleeping mat and read the conclusion of the Edward I section of Thomas B. Costain's The Three Edwards. As I read, I could feel drowsiness coming over me and didn't fight it.

At 5:10 PM -- after about an hour's nap -- I woke up, and just as I did, JVB knocked on my door. He stopped on his way home from work. Earlier in the day -- about 11:30 AM -- he came by the NEWS office and I was not able to talk with him because we were in the final production work on this week's paper. As he sat at my desk, he looked through the city directories and discovered that in 1895-1896 an Ammerman family lives where his family now lives. I made a photocopy of the page in question for him. At 12 PM, we were still in the final stages of production, and JVB had to go to work. After the paper went to the printer, I watered the flower boxes and then went down to see Mason and John for our weekly videotape meeting.

At 5:10 PM when JVB came by, we chatted for about five minutes about this and that and then he said to me: "So why do you think you have done something to annoy me?" Last night at about 7 PM, just as I was on my way to the City Council meeting, I decided that I would telephone John and ask him if I had done something or said something to upset or annoy him. For some reason I had the impression that he was acting differently towards me than he has ever acted. Naturally, I was concerned. My initial fear, of course, is that he has had it with the Historical Society and with the ^{historical} preservation movement in Carbondale. It is not an easy thing to do for a teenager to be involved in the Historical Society in a small town such as Carbondale. Perhaps it is not easy for teenagers anywhere or anytime